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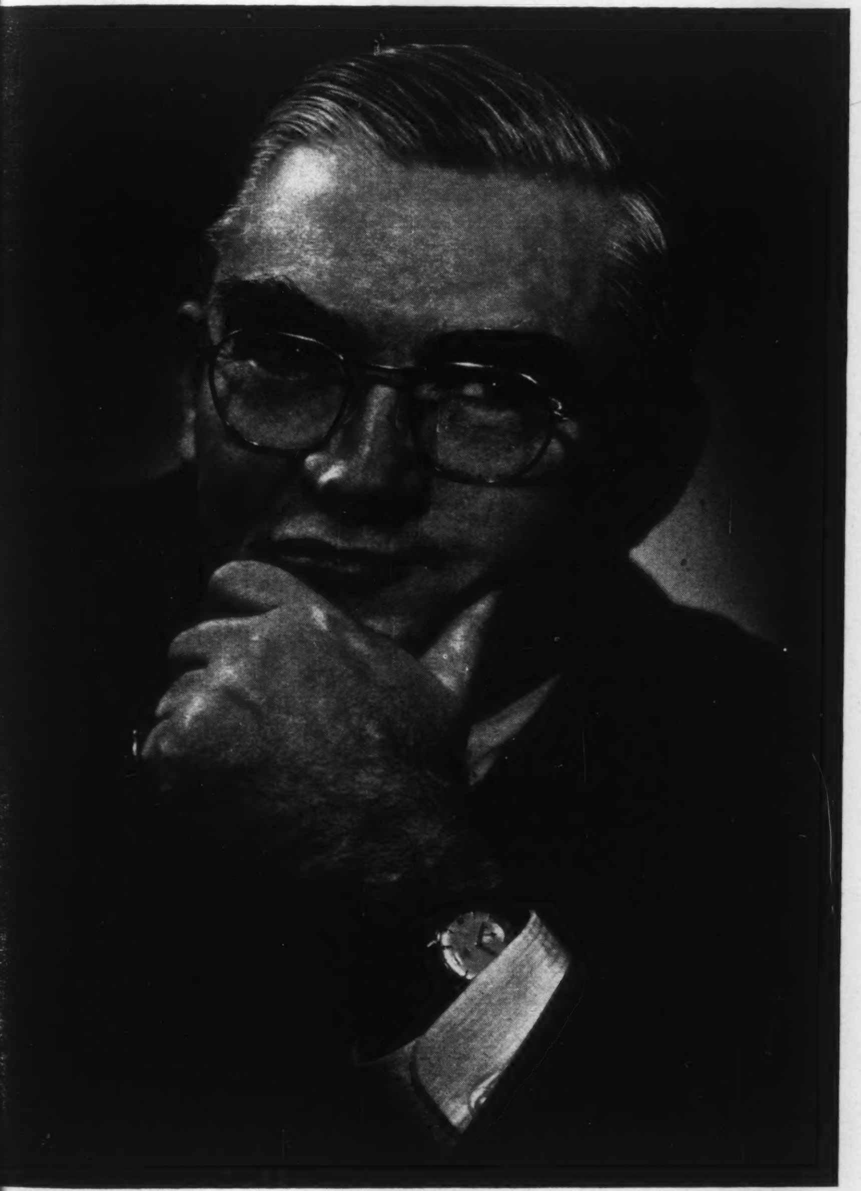

© McKague

FREDERICK GOLDWIN GARDINER: A diplomatic bulldozer. (Page 4)

The Front Page

If Prime Minister St. Laurent has been paying any attention to the many suggestions that have been made in recent weeks for filling the 18 vacancies in the Senate, he has been wasting his time. At this stage in the long decline of the Upper Chamber, debate about appointments is as useful as worry about the invention of the wheel. What should be taking up the Prime Minister's time is thought about the purpose and value of the Senate; either it must be made to justify its existence or its slow death must be hastened. In its present condition it is too expensive a luxury to be maintained.

Mr. St. Laurent could win himself some cheap applause by making Senators of 18 distinguished non-Liberals, scientists, artists, college presidents, housewives, and so on, but after the cheers had died down it would still be the same old Senate—a little less dull, a little more news-worthy, probably, but still an institution too feeble to earn the respect either of the Commons or the taxpayers. The Government itself has treated the Senate with a sort of respectful

HYDROGEN-BOMB POLITICS
By Bertrand Russell: Page 7

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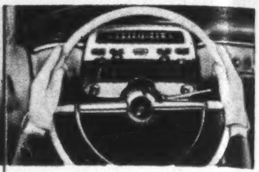

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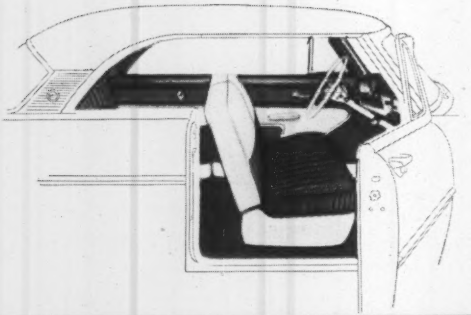

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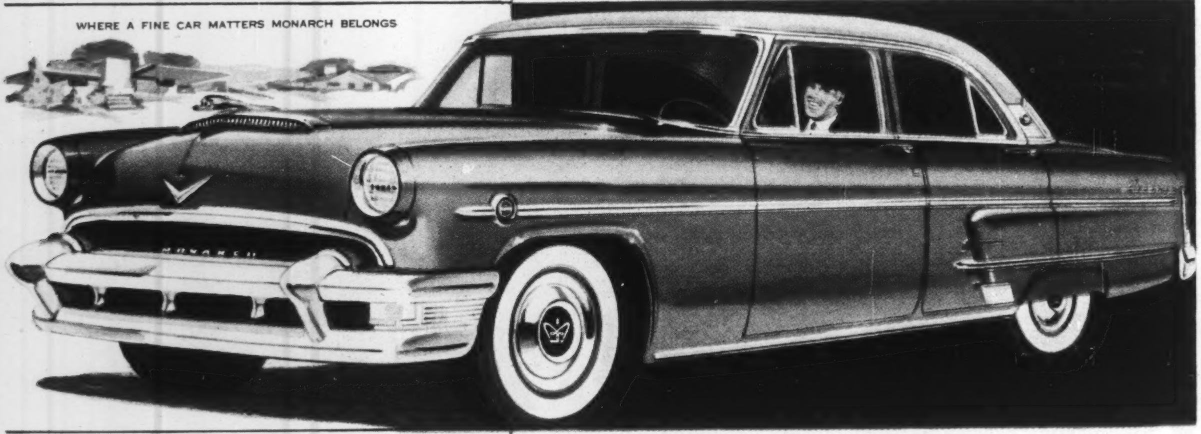
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The Front Page

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

mockery, paying lip service to the work done in the "Chamber of second thoughts" but loading it with legislation to be rushed through without any chance for close examination in the dying hours of a session.

The first step in the rehabilitation of the Senate is the acknowledgement, in deed as well as word, by the Government that there is a need for a second chamber to keep Parliament in balance — for a body that will prod, curb or encourage the Commons, and the Government itself, as the occasion demands. If there is no such acknowledgement, it does not matter a whit who is appointed to fill the vacancies; the eighteen could be chosen from Who's Who or from the Upper Fignewton Poker and Chowder Club, and the Senate would still go plodding along the weary road to extinction.

The second step is the preparation by the Prime Minister of a bold, imaginative plan for the reform of the Senate — a plan not limited to party ideas, but developed after discussions with provincial authorities, other party leaders and outstanding men in the field of political science. Then the people who pay the bills for Parliament would be getting their money's worth.

Sounds of Summer

A SUMMER evening, says the *New York Times*, is, among other things, "the creaking of a rocking chair on a cool shady porch; splashing of trout in sun-spangled streams . . . Piping young voices at roadside lemonade stands. The tinkle of ice in tall, cooling drinks . . . Sibilant voices of wind in tall elms. The wheezing of the rusty well pump. The scratching of a hoe." It's a fairly comprehensive list, but oddly, the *Times* makes no mention of the melodious crunching of fenders on the nearest highway.

Mental Health

WHEN WE visited the University of Toronto a few days ago, we ran into preparations being made for the Fifth International Congress on Mental Health, which opens at the University this week. Between 1,500 and 2,000 delegates from 45 countries were expected, we learnt, including five psychiatrists from Russia and a group from Yugoslavia.

"We're up to our ears in work," Dr. Margery King, the executive officer for the Congress, told us. "I am the person who implements all the decisions of the executive committee." Dr. King is also a research professor at the University, with a special interest in the social adjustments of school children. She introduced us to a delegate from England, Miss E. M. Thornton, who is Secretary-General of the World Federation for Mental Health.

"The Federation," Miss Thornton said, "is a federation of mental health societies and professional and other societies all integrated into one. Psychiatrists, teachers, anthropologists and members of other professions belong to it. The theme of this Congress is mental health in public affairs." We suggested that offered very fruitful soil for psychiatric spades.

"Mental health," Miss Thornton said, "might be defined as effective living between one person and other people. It's generally agreed among our workers that effective living means affectionate living."

"Perhaps you had better say affectionally instead of affectionately," Dr. King said. "It means practically the same thing but affectionately implies overtones of sentimentality, of being in love. Affectionally, on the other hand, is a little colder. It is the opposite of hostile." "In Canada alone," a bystander said, "poor mental health costs the taxpayers a third of the nation's entire bill for medical and hospital care, and to this must be added the hidden costs—lost wages, lost efficiency, lost manpower."

Herb Nott

DR. KING: A little colder.

No place for sentimentality, we agreed, and made an affectional departure.

Injustice

A POLICEMAN'S lot will become even unhappier than it traditionally is if police commissions in other parts of the country decide to follow the example set by their Toronto counterpart. When a constable applied for a licence to operate a taxi-cab (he intended to resign from the force before going into business for himself), the Toronto commission rejected his application, because other officers might be tempted to do the same thing. One commissioner was quoted as saying, "Thousands of dollars are spent on the training of a police officer and I am against granting the licence". The same denial, we must assume, would have been made if the constable wanted to go into any business for which a police licence is required.

The commissioners, apparently, believe in forced labor; they do not believe that a man has a right to choose his work or quit his job. Their action is an outrageous one, completely indefensible in a society that professes to treasure the liberty of the individual, and demonstrates the grave danger of putting arbitrary power into the hands of a few men.

A Break for Muggs

FAROUK, the former king of Egypt, got into a huff and waddled out of an Italian night club the other day because he didn't want to pose for a picture with J. Fred Muggs, the chimpanzee. It's just as well he did, because it could have developed into an awkward situation for Mr. Muggs, who, as television personality appearing on the screens in millions of American homes, has to be pretty careful about his reputation.

Sour Note in the AFM

BECAUSE OF a jurisdictional squabble between the American Federation of Musicians and the American Guild of Variety Artists, both members of the American Federation of Labor, the entertainment industry in Canada is being strangled and Canadians are being told by one man what performers they will be permitted to watch in the nation's theatres, hotels, night clubs and television studios. That man is Walter Murdoch, Canadian hatchetman for James C. Petrillo, the American boss of the AFM. Petrillo has hesitated to start an all-out brawl with the AGVA in his home territory; it was much safer to make a battleground of Canada, where Canadian public officials, private businessmen and the public in general have let the arrogant Murdoch kick them in the teeth time and again without ever doing much about it.

To warm up to his job, Murdoch just about ruined the grandstand show planned for the Canadian National Exhibition. His musicians would not play for AGVA performers. It meant that a hundred or so Canadians would be out of jobs. After an increasing amount of public criticism, he said his union would make up the pay lost to the entertainers. But then he forbade his musicians to play for any AGVA member from the United States appearing in Canada; he has, therefore, closed the

The Front Page

border to acts from the United States. This, he said, would provide more openings for Canadian talent.

The nod to Canadian talent is sheer hypocrisy, and Murdoch knows it. Canadians who become proficient entertainers inevitably find most of their work in the United States; those people are now barred from playing in Canada. Young performers on the way up must choose between struggling along here or abandoning their own country for the opportunities in the U.S. The employers of talent in Canada will have to cut down or eliminate their programs. One theatre manager said: "Any good Canadian talent is now American talent. There's not enough in Canada for two weeks' shows." And that means a lot less work for stagehands, ushers, waiters and all the others in or on the fringe of show business.

Murdoch knows all this. But it is quite clear he doesn't give a tinker's dam for the public, Canadian talent or the individual's right to work. All that matters to him is the extent to which he can dictate to the entertainment industry. It is a disgusting exhibition of power-grabbing and it must be stopped.

Shirts and Struggles

WHEN ROD YOUNG, a vocal young man who had been prominent in CCF activities in British Columbia, announced publicly a while ago that he would rather relish being called a Communist, the elders of the party hastened to disown him. Since Communism became unfashionable, Canadian Socialists have gone to great pains to keep themselves soberly in the mode — without going to the extreme of *haute couture,* of course, but still nicely within the bounds of current fashion. Every so often, however, one of them unbuttons enough to reveal that under the latest finery lies the same old patchwork of Marxist mill-ends.

Just a couple of weeks ago, for example, Premier Thomas C. Douglas of Saskatchewan was talking to the CCF Youth. Mr. Douglas has learnt a great deal of restraint in the ten years he has headed the Saskatchewan Government, but when he addressed the Youth he slipped easily back into the Marxist jargon of his younger days. His listeners heard about the class struggle, about the ruling class that is trying "to destroy political democracy when the people try to gain control of social democracy"; and they got a fashion note, too — "dress shirt squads", Mr. Douglas informed the starry-eyed Youth, are as much of a menace as "black shirts".

Capital Press

PREMIER DOUGLAS: Fashion note.

It is performances like that of Mr. Douglas that give substance to the flippant remark of the cynic who described a Socialist as a Communist without guts. The definition may be too facile, but there is no doubt that Socialism itself is only a half-way point in political development. Its followers must inevitably drift off into what amounts to radical Liberalism or follow the Socialist doctrine of state control to its logical conclusion, which is Communism.

Canadian Socialists are still milling about, uncertain of what road to follow. The uncertainty was evident in Mr. Douglas's speech.

Spoiled Husbands

A SOLDIER back from Japan with his Korean wife stopped off in Vancouver long enough to inform reporters there that "I can say for sure that the Korean women are trained to spoil their husbands." What he meant, it was revealed later, was that Korean wives devote themselves to the pleasant task of keeping their husbands comfortable and contented — and that obviously is not spoiling a husband. The North American husband is a hardy creature and has survived the unrelenting attempts by the North American wife to spoil him by making him accumulate debts to match the neighbors', or attend smoky parties when he would rather watch a ball game. The North American male has been conditioned to accept spoiling (in the proper sense of the word) as his married lot, and when some astonished colleague arrives from a foreign shore with a bride who understands her true purpose in life, all he can do is reflect dismally on the way he has been surrounded by the cruel She.

Chairman (*Cover Picture*)

THE METROPOLITAN experiment in Toronto is still young, not yet a year and a half old, but it has lost most of its early threat of ending with a bang and, indeed, has shown enough promise of success to excite the curiosity of many other communities bedevilled by the sprawling chaos of postwar growth. American as well as Canadian cities have been studying the goings-on in Toronto, and every so often one of them sends representatives to take a closer look at the situation or asks that a personal explanation be given by the chairman of the Metropolitan Council, Frederick Goldwin Gardiner, QC.

Mr. Gardiner, a corporation lawyer with the appearance and push of a well-groomed bulldozer and the diplomatic realism of a first-rate businessman, can give his questioners an incisive account of how the metropolitan plan works, but they have to guess for themselves that he himself is responsible for much of its success.

To begin with, he knows his city; he was born in it, 59 years ago, the second son of a carpenter from Northern Ireland. He and his father helped build many of its houses — an activity that helped him through the University of Toronto. He did a stint as pilot of Handley-Page bombers during World War I, then returned to graduate (a gold medallist) as a lawyer.

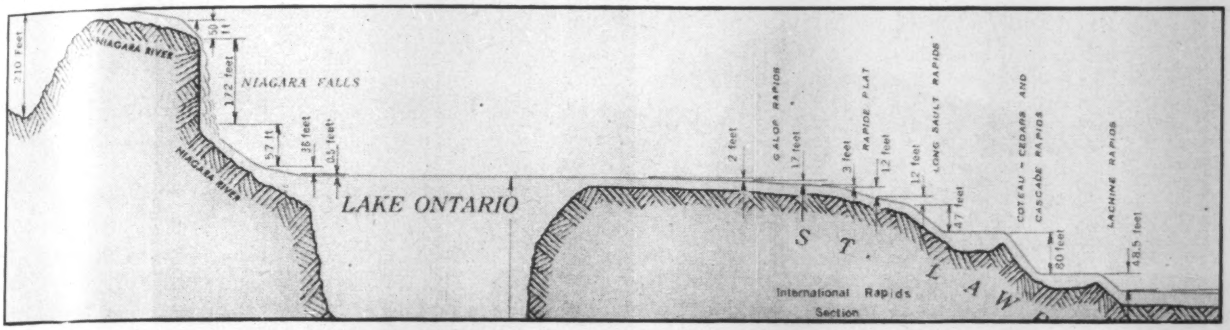
Early in World War II, he "made some observations" (a favorite phrase) about municipal matters in Forest Hill, a high-priced suburb, and these led to his election as reeve. As chairman of a city-suburban planning board he was less successful — "we drew plans to tell industry where to put their factories; they told us where to put our plans".

By 1950, the Ontario Government knew it would have to do something to wed the city's wealth to suburban expansion. There were bitter debates, during which annexation and amalgamation became dirty words, and then the metropolitan plan was conceived. What it amounted to, was that the 110 councils, commissions and boards which ran the affairs of the area would be left intact, to preserve local autonomy, but on top of all this a whole new level of municipal government would be imposed, a council divided half and half between city and suburbs.

When the Government appointed Mr. Gardiner, everyone wished him luck and predicted hopeless deadlock. "I was talking when I should have been listening," was his own explanation of the appointment. But he has flourished. The deadlocks have been averted, one way or another, and he has helped to push through a multi-million dollar program of local improvements. When committees meet, he sits on the sidelines, and at the appropriate moment steps into the discussion: "Now to be logical and realistic. . ."

The Seaway: Dream Moves to a Reality

Canadian and U.S. Appointments Prepare Way for Action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50 ft
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NIAGARA FALLS
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17 feet
3 feet
RAPIDE PLAT
12 feet
12 feet
LONG SAULT RAPIDS
47 feet
COTEAU - CEDARS AND CASCADE RAPIDS
80 feet
LACHINE RAPIDS
48.5 feet
S T. L A W
International Rapids Section

PROFILE SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SECTION TO THE LOWER LAKES

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CANADIAN CHIEF: HON. LIONEL CHEVRIER

Wide World

U.S. CHIEF: LEWIS G. CASTLE

The Builders

CHAIRMAN of Canada's St. Lawrence Seaway Authority is the Hon. Lionel Chevrier whose lifelong enthusiasm for the project led him to relinquish his cabinet post as Minister of Transport. He is a native of Cornwall, Ont., one of the chief seaway cities. Board Members are Charles Gavsie, who left the post of Deputy Minister of National Revenue after extensive service in various Government Departments and Carl West, former Deputy Minister of Transport and an engineer of long experience who helped to build the Welland Canal. Lewis Castle, Administrator of the U.S. Seaway Development Corporation, is a Minnesota banker from Duluth, a Lake Superior port.

NFB

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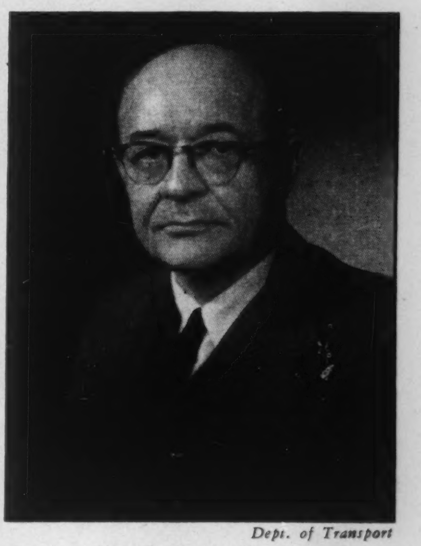

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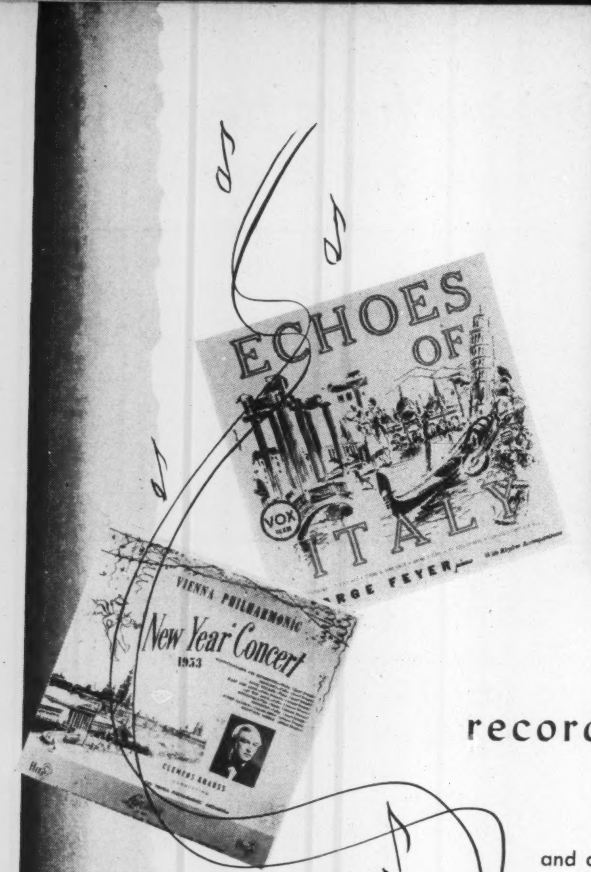
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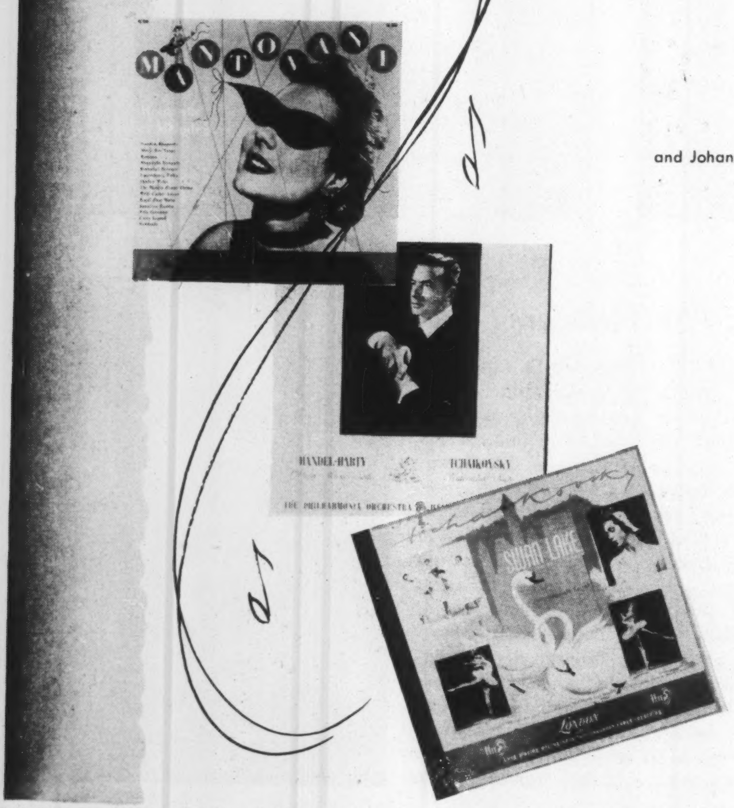
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A Study in Futility: H-Bomb Politics

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

NINE YEARS AGO the world was horrified by the atom bomb. By this time, the atom bomb has come to seem commonplace and nobody worries much about it. It is now the hydrogen bomb that rouses horror. Let us not deceive ourselves: Before long people will invent something worse than the hydrogen bomb, which will then come to seem to belong to the good old days when people fought with comparatively harmless weapons.

For the moment, however, there is still a moral revulsion in the thought of the vast death that the hydrogen bomb can bring. This feeling of moral horror, as a feeling, is entirely justified, but it seems to me that some of the suggestions which it has inspired are not very wise.

There are those who would wish the Western Powers unilaterally to renounce its use and abandon its manufacture. Such a policy could only be justified on grounds of complete pacifism. It would make the victory of the Communist Powers inevitable, and would therefore render all resistance on our part futile. It might of course be maintained by a whole-hearted pacifist that submission to the Communist Powers would be a lesser evil than war. But anyone who advocated this view ought to urge complete disarmament on our side, and not only the renouncing of the bomb. So long as war in certain eventualities is contemplated, it is illogical to say that it must be conducted in a way that makes defeat inevitable. If there is to be war, it is bound to be conducted on both sides with the most deadly weapons available.

What is the new issue with which the world is faced by the invention of the bomb? It is not the morality of war, nor even the morality of this or that method of waging war. War has always been morally a horror. When a private citizen murders one man we think it wicked, and a State which murders a million men in aggressive war is a million times more wicked. Whether it kills the whole million in a few seconds by means of one bomb, or in many years by older weapons, is morally irrelevant.

The new issue with which the conscience of mankind is faced by the invention of the new weapons is a different one. It is not that war is horrible, for war has always been horrible. It is not that war causes death and destruction, for that has always been its purpose. What is new is that war can no longer achieve the aims of any of the belligerents. The Western Powers may say that it is their purpose to promote Democracy, and the Communist Powers may say that it is their purpose to promote Communism, but it is as nearly certain as anything can be in this uncertain world that neither Democracy nor Communism as an organized system of government would emerge from a new world war. Chaos and anarchy and madness would prevail in the surviving remnant of mankind. It would probably be many centuries before large, well-ordered States were again able to maintain themselves.

What the world has to face is that a world war with modern weapons is not merely wicked, but futile. Not even the wickedest tyrant, however intoxicated with the love of power, can now hope, if he is sane, to achieve his ends by war. If anything that is valued on either side of the Iron Curtain is to survive, there must not be another World War.

As I said a moment ago, this is a wholly new fact. Alexander and Caesar made great conquests by means of which their policies were successful. In the Seven Years War and the defeat of Napoleon, the English arrived at results which were those for the sake of which they had been fighting. But now this sort of thing is no longer possible. If a great war occurs now, the result will be as abhorrent to Malenkov as to Eisenhower. I think both sides more or less realize this. It has been said with as much emphasis in Russia as elsewhere. But neither side knows how to give due weight to the arguments against war without seeming to indulge in appeasement. Both sides are like duellists in olden days. One may safely assume that neither party to a duel wished to be dead, but neither could find a way of escaping with honor. We have come to think duelling silly, but we have not learnt to apply between States the same sort of principles which have made the disappearance of private duelling possible. This is what we shall have to do, if mankind is to survive in spite of modern science.

The moral that I wish to see drawn from the hydrogen bomb is not that there is anything specially wicked in this invention, or that any useful purpose would be served by a pretended agreement not to use it. The moral that I wish to see drawn, not only by this or that power, but by all the Great Powers on both sides of the Iron Curtain, is that war has ceased to be a method of attaining the ends of Statesmanship, even when these ends are merely those of conquerors. I think it should now be possible to persuade Governments of this fact; and, if they were firmly persuaded of it, they would find

International

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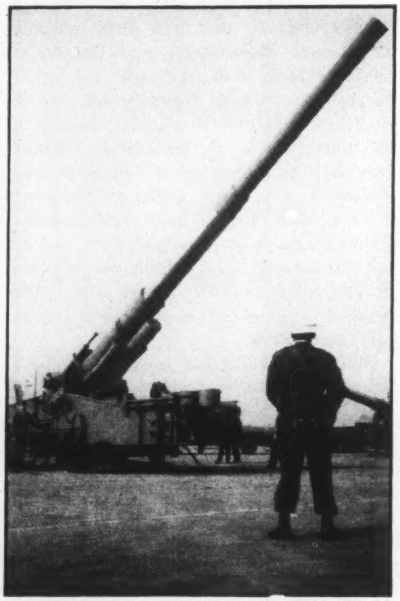
that the matters in debate between them could be adjusted.

The point of view that I am advocating is not dictated by any love of Communism. I do not love Communism any more than I love earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, but, like them, it is a fact. Everybody recognizes that armies are useless against earthquakes. And I am arguing that they are equally useless against Communism, unless your purpose is merely destructive. No doubt a great war would destroy Communism along with every other ordered governmental system, but only a lunatic could think that the resulting world would be better than that which could now be achieved if the nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain were to recognize the necessity of negotiation rather than war.

I do not suggest that in the meantime the Western Nations should slacken in the matter of armaments, for that would produce a situation in which the Communist Nations would make intolerable demands rendering satisfactory negotiations impossible. If the two groups are ever to learn to tolerate each other's existence, it must be because each recognizes the destructive strength of the other.



Wide World

ATOMIC CANNON: Wicked and futile.

Those who recognize the new futility of war must make certain adjustments in their thinking and feeling. Intolerance is no new phenomenon in the world's history. For centuries, Christians and Mohammedans regarded each other as unendurable. For a century and a half, Protestants and Catholics took the same view of each other. In each of these cases, long wars were fought before mutual tolerance was accepted. Now, there is a similar intolerance on both sides, between Communists and anti-Communists. But we cannot now settle down to centuries of warfare before letting common sense have its say. We now have to listen to common sense before we have been glutted with blood-letting. This is difficult in view of our atavistic passions, and I do not know whether mankind will achieve it. I have spoken of common sense, and, if people had enough of this very uncommon quality, it would suffice, but I think it should be reinforced by considerations that come nearer to what is commonly called "moral".

Do we wish to hand on to our children and grandchildren a world in which they can survive, and even enjoy some modicum of happiness, or are we—and by "we" I mean the human race, Communist and anti-Communist alike—content to let our savage passions bring universal darkness? Are we willing that *homo sapiens* should display his sapience by universal suicide? Or have we the wisdom to hope that man is only at the beginning of his career? As geological time goes, he is very recent, indeed the most recent of all known species of animals. Does it not seem a pity that this species should be cut off in its geological infancy? Could not even Malenkov and Senator Knowland be brought to feel that such tragic futility is unnecessary? I cannot but think that this is possible, given sufficient eloquence and sufficient force. Armaments, however necessary meanwhile, will not save mankind. If mankind is to be saved, it must be by love of mankind and by wise thinking inspired by that love.

Hate, even of those who are hateful, is seldom a useful emotion. It is better to try to understand them, to see what has made them what they are, and what circumstances would make them better. There are two ways of viewing human beings: the emotional and the scientific. The emotional way of viewing human beings is right, if we can love and admire them; but, if we cannot, it is better to view them as products of circumstances, as the result of causes going perhaps far back into the past and as capable of being changed by other causes. But among the causes that can bring about improvement, hatred and reprobation are not included. I doubt whether any criminal has ever become a better man through the consciousness that he was viewed with horror. And so, if you wish to defeat what you dislike in Communism, you will have more hope of success if you use the slow and patient method of psychological understanding, than if you threaten death by a rain of bombs. No quick, immediate issue from the present troubles of the world is possible; but, in the long run, patience and resolution may awaken an echo even where it is least expected.

Ottawa Letter

A Difficult But Honorable Job for Canada

By John A. Stevenson

IT WAS ONLY after prolonged deliberation and deep searchings of heart that the Federal Cabinet gave its unanimous consent to Canada becoming an associate of India and Poland in the tripartite Commission which is to supervise the workings of the armistice and elections in Indo-China.

The pundits of the Department of External Affairs found some unsatisfactory features in the Commission's terms of reference. Then Communist Poland seemed a very dubious partner and Nehru's unfriendliness to the United States has lost India some favor at Ottawa. Difficulty was also foreseen in recruiting an adequate Canadian mission. Since it will work in a country where French has been the official language, a command of that tongue is almost essential for its members and because they will be away from Canada for at least a year, as many unmarried men as possible would have to be chosen.

The real sticking point with the Cabinet, however, was the knowledge that the armistice is unpopular in the United States, where it is regarded as a "sell-out" to the Communists. Our Government is engaged in delicate negotiations with the United States about an agreement for the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway; also, it is desperately anxious to keep President Eisenhower in a mood to frustrate the designs of the Republican high protectionists for stiffer barriers against Canada's exports.

These apprehensions were offset by a fear that refusal to accept the invitation might imperil the armistice and cause a further deterioration in a shaky international situation. There was word from Washington, too, that the Eisenhower administration welcomed our participation. But the official statement about the decision included a warning that Canada did not intend to be a tool of Communist manoeuvres and would feel free to withdraw, if frustrating tactics of others impeded the efficiency of the Commission.

The Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Pearson, in his speech at Calgary, was emphatic that our mission's duties would be purely supervisory and it would assume no responsibility for the enforcement of the armistice. So the stage is set for a picked body of Canadians to undertake an onerous but honorable task.

LESTER PEARSON: Supervisory.

George Hees, the new chairman of the Progressive Conservative National Association, has been invited to visit BC and apply his healing hand to the local strife over Mr. Drew's leadership. Since he took office, Mr. Hees has been busy trying to mend the rather dilapidated political fences of his party. But, while he himself professes complete fidelity to Mr. Drew, he must have discovered in his wanderings that the revolt in BC is symptomatic of a widespread disquietude.

Duff Roblin, who led a successful revolt against the leadership of Errick Willis and thus became provincial leader of the Tories of Manitoba, is notoriously critical of Mr. Drew and he represents a faction of the party, which demands a national convention for the purpose of discussing its leadership and of overhauling its policies and organization. Mr. Drew may decide to postpone any decision until the results of the five Federal by-elections due to be held this fall are known. Four of the five vacant seats were won by the Liberals in 1953, and all of these, with the exception of Mr. Chevrier's seat (Stormont), are distinctly vulnerable to attack. At the moment the economic trends do not favor the chances of Liberal candidates. Unemployment remains quite serious in certain sections, there is a rash of bitter industrial disputes and many crops have been damaged by weather and pests. If, under these circumstances, the Progressive Conservatives make no headway in the by-elections, then the demand for a national convention will become irresistible.

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Books

Was Lewis Carroll an Enigma?

By Robertson Davies

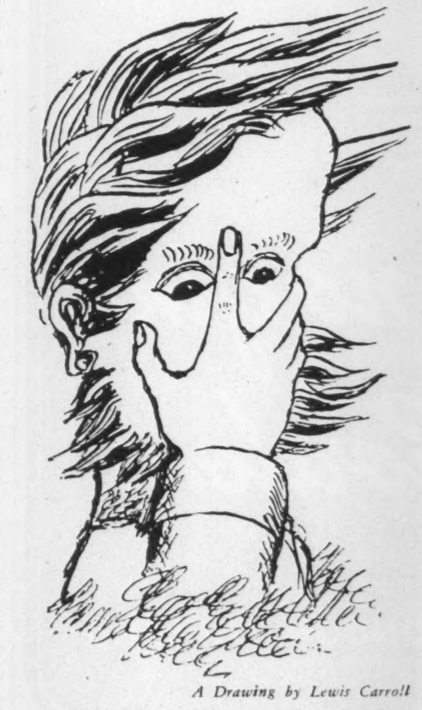
E SINCE FIRST *Alice In Wonderland* appeared in the autumn of 1865, curiosity has been expressed about the personality of its author and now, 89 years later, that curiosity seems to be increasing rather than waning. As the number of people who knew the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson grows smaller, anxiety mounts lest some crumb of information about him should escape us. That anxiety will be partly allayed by the publication of *The Diaries of Lewis Carroll,* carefully edited and handsomely presented by Roger Lancelyn Green, but the thirst of the Carrollians for intimate knowledge about their hero will not be slaked. The diaries tell us a good deal that we are glad to know, but they do not tell us how, or why, an Oxford mathematician wrote a fantasy which has reached the stature of a classic.

This is unquestionably as Dodgson would have wished it to be. During his lifetime (1832-98) he was retiring in his habits, and after he became famous he declined flatly to permit his photograph to be circulated, and took pains to keep his autograph from collectors. He did not want to be known or recognized. Though by no means indifferent to his fame, or neglectful of the profitable sale of his books, he insisted on keeping his person and his pursuits as private as possible. He would not be pleased, we may be sure, if he knew that his diaries were made public now.

The diaries have been in the keeping of his nieces, Menella, Violet, Lucy and Gladys Dodgson; they have been used only in the preparation of the *Life and Letters,* published in 1898 by his nephew, Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, and some extracts were made by the Misses Dodgson for the use of Helmut Gernsheim in his very interesting book *Lewis Carroll, Photographer,* which appeared in 1949. It has been suggested that Dodgson's nieces had a special motive for keeping these diaries to themselves—that there was a "secret", possibly of a romantic kind, in the writer's life. Well, the diaries are now in print, and any secret that Dodgson may have had is still his own. He confided nothing to his diary which anyone might not have known.

When we have read the *Diaries,* however, we know a good deal about Dodgson which illuminates his personality. I think it significant that he was clever with his hands—clever enough to be an expert conjuror, to make excellent puppets and animate them, to make a doll's tool-box for his sister, two inches in breadth, containing beautiful miniature saws, hammers and chisels. And this ability to deal in miniatures and deceptions accords with his known enthusiasm for mathematical puzzles, ciphers and tricks of logic. He was a typical Victorian don in his belief that undergraduates are "necessary nuisances" at a university; he did not like young men. But he loved little girls, and spent countless hours very happily in their company; he liked to photograph them naked, when their mothers consented, but when there was a very slight breath of disapproval of this practice he appears to have given up photography altogether.

He disliked satire, thinking it "unhealthy", but he could be censorious in a typically Victorian clerical way. He loved the theatre, and was a good critic, though he once wrote a long letter of protest to a manager who had presented a play in which baptism was made the subject of some irreverent comment. He liked to write letters to the press, signed with pen-names, and like most such writers, he was more cutting when he was anonymous than he ever dared to be when he was known. He was a thorough Tory, and quieted his nerves before sleep by working out anagrams on the name of William Ewart Gladstone — "Wilt tear down *all* images?" and "Wild agitator! Means well".



A Drawing by Lewis Carroll

"What I look like when lecturing."

He thought the death of Paul Dombey "Dickens's poetical gem", but considered the characters in *Wuthering Heights* "unusual and unpleasant". When a young man he enjoyed novels which were anything but improving — Henry Cockton's *Valentine Vox,* for example. He projected more literary work than he ever accomplished, including a *Girls' Own Shakespeare* which was to have every unseemly word or suggestion cut out of it.

His religious faith was strong and conventional. He was himself an excellent preacher, but rarely appeared in the pulpit. When he did so, his sermons were carefully composed so that no word which might betray his lifelong stammer should appear in them. He thought it unsuitable that a Bach *Passion* should be performed in a church, and was vexed that in *Much Ado About Nothing* Shakespeare permitted a love-scene to be played in a church; but he thought any well-meant sermon, however dull, quite suitable for a church. He appears never to have been sanctimonious, or to have introduced matters of religion into ordinary conversation.

He was, in fact, precisely what one might expect an unmarried, clerical mathematical lecturer, capable but not distinguished in his professional career, to be. Yet he wrote two books, purportedly for children, which are classics of imaginative literature. How do we explain it?

So far as I am concerned, we do not explain it: we accept it. It is a foolish notion that a man who exhibits genius in one direction must accompany it by unusual conduct in several directions. Many men of genius have been eccentric, of course, but an equal and perhaps a greater number have not attracted attention apart from their work. If Shakespeare had been an oddity, is it not likely that more reports of his conduct would have survived? Was there anything about Milton, apart from his genius as a poet, to differentiate him from any other cranky Puritan? It is childishly romantic to expect every writer of genius to leave the history of a Byron.

It is also childishly romantic to suppose that a man cannot live a happy life without at some time having a love affair. There are men to whom sex means very little. Dodgson may simply have chosen not to marry, because if he did so he would have to give up his college appointment and become a parish clergyman. He was extremely comfortable in Christ Church, and

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he would have hated parish duty. He was, we must remember, an old fusspot about his domestic arrangements, and the scourge of the college servants. And, because he was a very moral man, he would not have shut marriage out of his life without also shutting out love-affairs. He was, as he proved time and time again, perfectly capable of putting his emotions in cold storage.

Dodgson was a genius. But he was by no reckoning a first-rate genius. Certainly he was not an overflowing, free-spirited, tumultuous genius. He was a minor genius who wrote two extremely interesting stories for children, which are the delight of a certain type of adult—a type not unlike Dodgson himself, conventional, intelligent, tasteful and somewhat wistfully sentimental. His Alice stories are the charming recreations of a man whose habit of mind was incorrigibly logical and mathematical, but who was not a mathematician of the first rank; but his mathematics and his logic put the backbone in *Alice* and it is the backbone of those books which has kept them alive for so long.

The psycho-analysts and the sentimentalists have been at Dodgson, and they have discovered nothing which satisfies them. I suggest, humbly, that there is nothing to discover. I think that the *Diaries* support me in this view. He was a gifted clerical don, precise and gently winning in his private character, and exemplary in his quietly useful life. He wrote two books which we value, and much agreeable lesser matter. To seek an Oedipus or a Goethe in this man is to be ungrateful to God for his already sufficient gift.

THE DIARIES OF LEWIS CARROLL edited by Roger Lancelyn Green—2 vols., 573 pages and Index, admirable illustrations—*British Books—$12.00.*

•

Within This Circle

Faint as the still wind's breath
Among these pines is death,
And lovely in this glade
Hung with mullein jade,
Cinqfoil gold, sun dust,
And fern and bracken rust.

The circumambient blue
Where yesterday birds flew
And now bright feathers fall,
Points the temporal.
Now jade is gold, gold green,
No bitterness between.

So do not sigh or weep
That summer soon must sleep;
Sweet in the brittle grasses
The windsong where death passes

MYRTLE REYNOLDS ADAMS

Jack Wilkes

JOHN DECKER and his wife, Phyllis, in their Bundy Drive studio.

Minutes of the Last Meeting: The Court Magician

By GENE FOWLER: PART II

A STUDIO POLICEMAN arrived at my office. "There's a crazy guy out there at the old gate yelling for Fowler. Keeps yelling like a maniac. All I can get out of him is, 'Does a fellow named Fowler work here?' When I told him he smelled of whisky he said I ought to be smelling his genius. Should I call the prowl car?"

"No," I said. "Let Mr. Hartmann come on the lot."

"Oh, you *know* him?"

"I'll take care of him personally."

"He's at the old gate, yammering and pounding."

The studio policeman had reference to an iron-grilled outer gate that had been locked for many years. No one now used it or even had a key to it. I found Sadakichi standing there at the wrong gate, as, in a broad sense, he had stood so many times.

The California sun stood high this hot day of autumn, but my visitor wore a seedy overcoat buttoned loosely about his meatless ribs. His old fedora hat, with grease waves on the cloth band, and a size too small, was perched upon a rick of gray hair. Sadakichi's jaws worked constantly, whether or not he was speaking; his loose false teeth made a clicking sound, as of dice in a gambler's hand.

I reached through the grille of the old gate. "Sadakichi, I am happy to know you."

"Is that remark a sample of your brilliance?"

"Would you please come to the main office on Gower? This gate is closed."

"I want this gate," he said, and his long jaws chewed the words.

I attempted to explain. "It hasn't been opened in years."

"Is it the Holy Door of Saint Peter's?"

"If you will go to the main entrance," I said, "you will receive a princely reception. Maybe I'll hire an orchestra."

He grinned, and his face took on the appearance of a stale coffee cake with a crack in it. "You may omit the music."

I signed Sadakichi in at the reception desk, then showed him to my office a hundred yards or so distant on a studio street. Walking along, I thought that Hartmann looked like a stack of kindling with a weathered tarpaulin over it, animated by some black magic. He held his right arm straight down at his side and flexed his left arm behind his back, with the left hand clasping, behind the back, his upper right arm. Perhaps this posture relieved the pressure on his lungs, for he bubbled with asthma. At times his hips seemed to freeze his shank tops in the sockets and he would stop in his tracks; but as he set out again his stride was regular and his body nicely balanced.

"The cinema," he was saying, "is the scarlet woman of the arts. The studios will be closed one day and no one will miss them. Hollywood is the back porch of a dream."

As he sat down his gray overcoat became unbuttoned as though of its own accord, to reveal a vest woven in a Wagnerian chorus of colors. I saw that his brown trousers were wrinkled and noticed the plaid socks and black congressional slippers which had insets of elastic webbing on the sides.

The outlines of the old man's frame showed through his medley of clothes. Until now he had appeared tall, though hunched over; but sitting opposite me his almost six feet of stature seemed to spend itself in the geometry of his bones.

He pushed the fedora hat back on his tumbleweed gray hair. "Where I come from," he announced, "and where I go doesn't matter. For I am Sadakichi Hartmann." He had a baritone voice that seemed to be caught in an eggbeater. "You may live a century, Fowler, but you will never meet another son of the gods like me."

Leo McCarey happened to come in, but upon seeing my guest seemed to need a cup of strong black coffee. "Sorry," he said, turning to leave the room, "I didn't know you had opened a casting office."

Sadakichi ignored this interruption. He had his eyes on the soft-drink bottles on the shelves. "You have something to drink?"

"As a matter of fact," I started out to apologize, "I'm not drinking, and—"

"What have your personal habits to do with my destiny?" he cut in. "Thank you very much."

"I hadn't expected a thirsty guest."

"You should always have something on hand to offset the stupidity of this place."

I put in a call to a friend on the lot to send over a bottle of Scotch. Later on, as Sadakichi liberally helped himself to the antidote, he said, "Be careful that you do not fall in love with your subject—in love with my wonderful character and genius. It will blind you, and your writing will suffer."

"From what I have heard," I said, "your life has been like an old paisley shawl, with many intricate designs, and here and there a moth hole."

"And Fowler crawling in and out of the holes," he replied. "Thank you very much."

"Tell me about yourself," I invited. "What do you think of yourself?"

"My whole make-up is mental. I am not

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capable of a pure emotion or a pure physical sensation. It is all drowned in mental considerations."

"Sadakichi," I inquired, "have you had many severe illnesses, other than a hernia and asthma?"

"Isn't that enough?"

From the McCarey suite came the sounds of "Tearbucket Jim". Sadakichi put aside a second whisky, rose from his praying-mantis position, and began a slow dance. He moved his hands and legs with rhythmic exactitude, grotesquely, but in arresting patterns of mobility.

"I am able to answer any query or express any sentiment by my gestures," he said as he moved to the music. "I prefer to dance in the desert. One day I shall landscape it, command waters to flow into it again, as in ancient times, and cause trees to grow; and then I shall have a stage that barely can match my genius."

A coughing fit caused him to leave off dancing. He shrugged, sat down, finished his drink. In spite of his eccentric manners, his Bowery-mission appearance, his ailments, and his chewed-up way of speaking, I saw in my scarecrow guest — or rather, I should say, felt — a warrior's spirit. No matter what the world might think of him he could not actually be a failure until he himself admitted it.

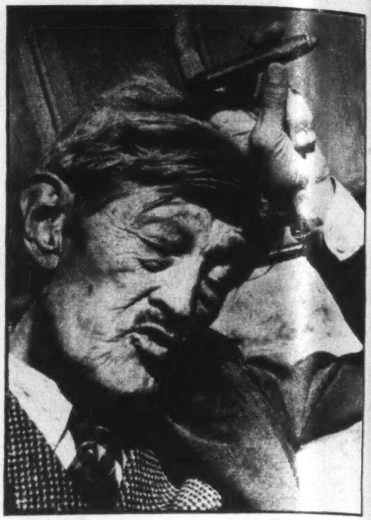
He wore his rags as though they were pieces of armor; and I sensed then, and later confirmed, that he possessed the heart of a champion.

In November I went with Leo McCarey to his mountain lodge near Big Bear Lake. The colony of summer residents had gone, and no piano and no Sadakichi interrupted our work.

After ten days we set out on the return journey to town, with Leo singing happily at the wheel of his car. The sun disappeared as abruptly as a Hollywood friend, and Leo turned on the headlights. We were travelling at the rate of ninety-five miles an hour. The four-lane highway seemed clear of traffic until an elderly motorist in a big automobile quite unexpectedly emerged from an orange-grove trail to our left. He started to turn into our lane. The hammers of hell began to pound, and the lights went out.

I afterward learned that McCarey was hurled one hundred and twenty-six feet—by police measurement—into the freshly irrigated orange trees. The car, with me folded inside it, turned over three times. I stayed pinned upside down for half an hour, my clothes and body drenched with raw gasoline. I suffered two split vertebrae, three cracked ribs, a skull injury, and wrenched knees. Otherwise I was as good as new.

During my convalescence I forgot to get in touch with Sadakichi Hartmann. He sent word from Banning that I deliberately had planned this accident to escape doing his biography.



Cliff Wesselmann

THE LAST photograph of Sadakichi Hartmann: "a warrior's spirit".

"Fowler is using this illness as an excuse to avoid becoming famous," he wrote Decker. "He suddenly realizes that I am much too big a subject for his limited talents."

Hartmann's spleen again boiled over when McCarey, soon after he left the hospital in May of 1940 (after a series of nerve-splicing operations and with one arm still in a cast), chartered an airplane to fly Miss Irene Dunne and several other members of his troupe to Louisville, Kentucky, and invited me to be his guest, to preview a picture made by him prior to the automobile accident. The McCarey party would attend the Kentucky Derby as well as the première of the film.

Sadakichi denounced me for interrupting his biography to go on a junket. The least I could do, he said, was to take him to Louisville. When he found out later that I had invited an enthusiastic horse-player, the celebrated short-story writer Frank Condon, to go along, Hartmann spluttered like a defective radio set.

Upon my return to California I got in touch with Sadakichi. I promised to pay more attention to his genius and sent him three hundred dollars, together with an invitation to come to town for a housewarming at John Decker's Bundy Drive studio.

To set down a guest list of the housewarming at the Bundy Drive studio would be a name-dropping exercise. Sadakichi was there, of course, and this is enough for the moment, especially since he denounced everyone, including Barrymore, and almost stank us out with a medicated pipe he puffed to alleviate his asthma.

In an aside to me Jack Barrymore said, "Can't you give him a cigar, or even a roman candle, instead of that vile calumet?" Then he smiled. "But I'm glad you've exhumed the old fellow. He's the last of the Pharaohs, and nicely mummified at that."

At this time Sadakichi had lodgings in a Wilcox Street hotel in Hollywood, at my expense, and I supplied him daily with imported beer and Cordon Bleu brandy. I also persuaded Dr. Samuel Hirshfeld to examine him and prescribe remedies for his asthma or for other ailments.

"This old man should be operated upon for his hernia," the doctor advised. "He will not let me inspect the region of the lesion, but it is plain enough that it should be relieved surgically."

Sadakichi resented this proposal, especially since his procreative glands must be excised to reach the area of the rupture. "There will be no charge," said Dr. Hirshfeld.

Decker urged Sadakichi to say farewell to the glands. "They have served their purpose," he said, "and undoubtedly merit an honorable retirement."

"Ghouls!" cried Sadakichi. "No one will snatch my glands!" He turned his rage upon the doctor. "Why don't you men of medicine do something worth while instead of castrating a genius?"

After Sadakichi had vetoed the surgery I introduced him to his first secretary. At the outset that young woman seemed sceptical of recording his philosophies and self-praises, but soon found her work fascinating and eventually declared that Mr. Hartmann was a gentleman.

The hotel people held quite an opposite view. For one thing, Hartmann's kidneys were unpredictable; the cushions of the overstuffed chairs of his suite took on faded patterns and altered shades. Then, too, there was the evil-smelling pipe.

Our biographical interest in Sadakichi seemed to stimulate him. I promised him a thousand dollars but took the precaution of paying our ersatz hero at the rate of one hundred dollars a week. He had a long record, as the ever-dissenting Fields pointed out, of "taking the money and running for the train". Fields thought we were crazier than Sadakichi to waste either money or ink upon him.

"He's a skinny thief!" Uncle Claude exclaimed one day when John Decker's new watch disappeared. "I know a thief when I see one. When I was young I was the biggest thief at large. I'd steal golf balls, piggy banks of dear little kiddies, or nozzles off the hoses of the rectory lawn—anything and everything. Then, when I got into the chips myself and had plenty of dough, my character changed. From then on there was nothing I hated worse than a thief."

This is the second of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277, $4.50). The third instalment will appear in next week's issue.

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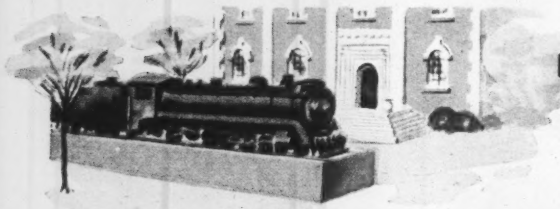

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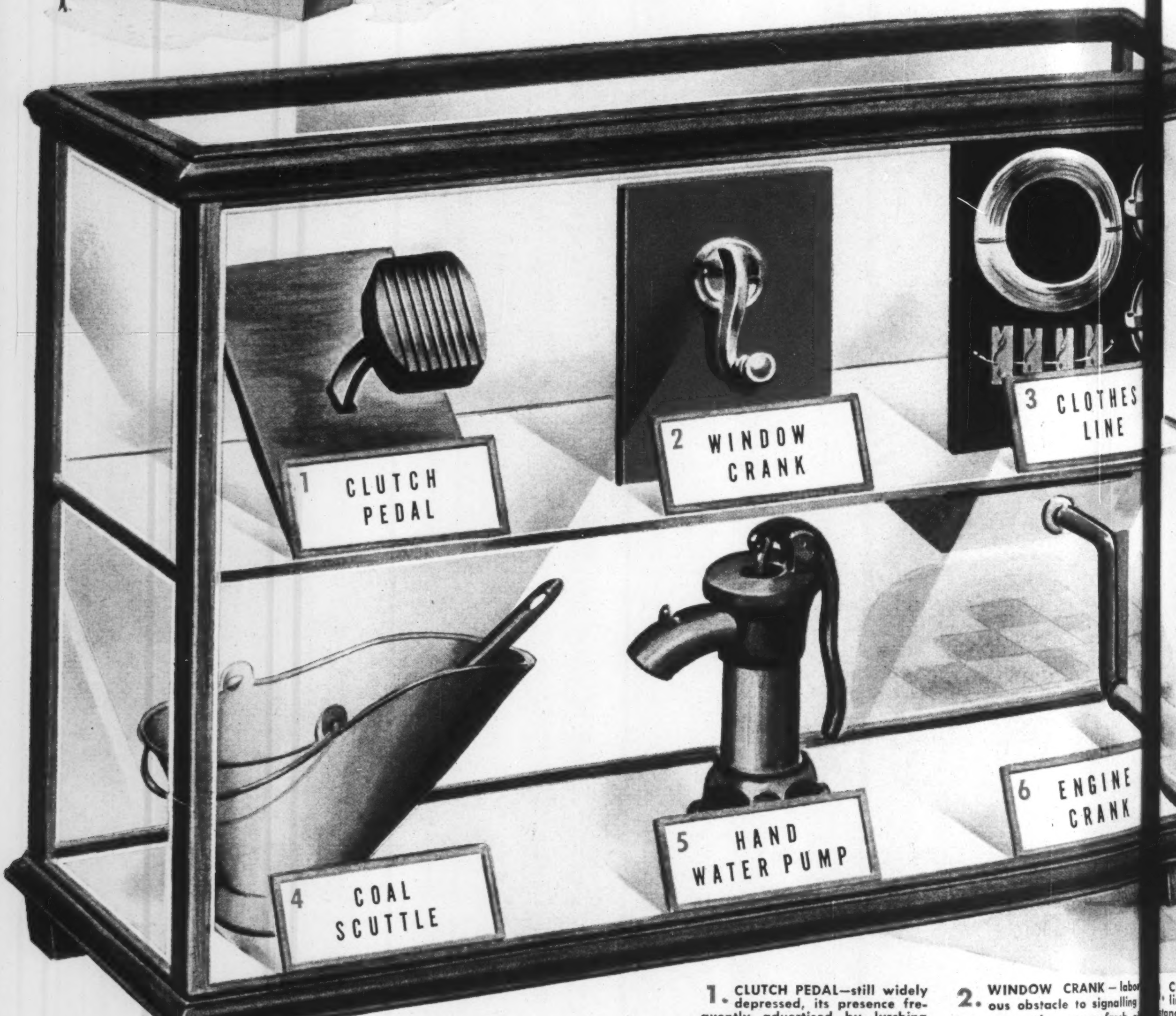
1 CLUTCH PEDAL
2 WINDOW CRANK
3 CLOTHES LINE
4 COAL SCUTTLE
5 HAND WATER PUMP
6 ENGINE CRANK

1. **CLUTCH PEDAL**—still widely depressed, its presence frequently advertised by lurching starts and embarrassing grinding noises. Fast fading to competition of trouble-free Dynaflow, Powerglide and Hydra-Matic.

2. **WINDOW CRANK** – labo ous obstacle to signalling turn or getting some fresh a All these things are now at t motorists' finger tips with Ge eral Motors electric window lif

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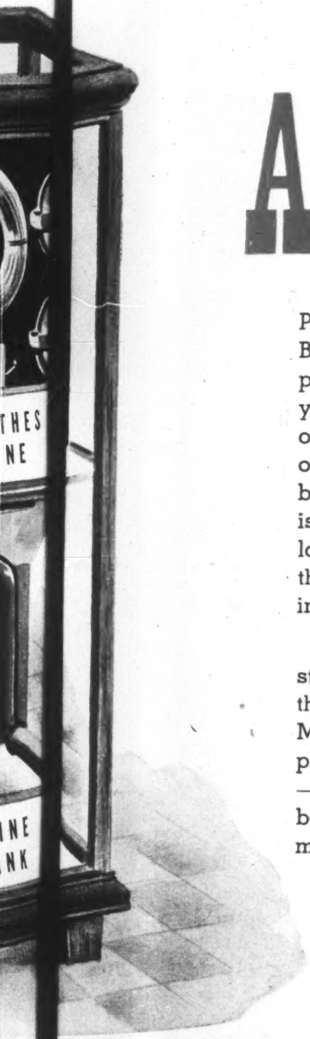

Probably no museum has quite such a collection as this. But gather together all the things made obsolete by the progress of General Motors research and undoubtedly you'd have quite a display. Leaving out the romance of things we all remember, you could call it a museum of inconveniences. It would be a unique museum because General Motors' place in Canadian industry is unique. From horse-and-buggy to car . . . from steam locomotive to diesel . . . from ice-man to Frigidaire — these were all steps made possible by the research, ingenuity and craftsmanship of General Motors.

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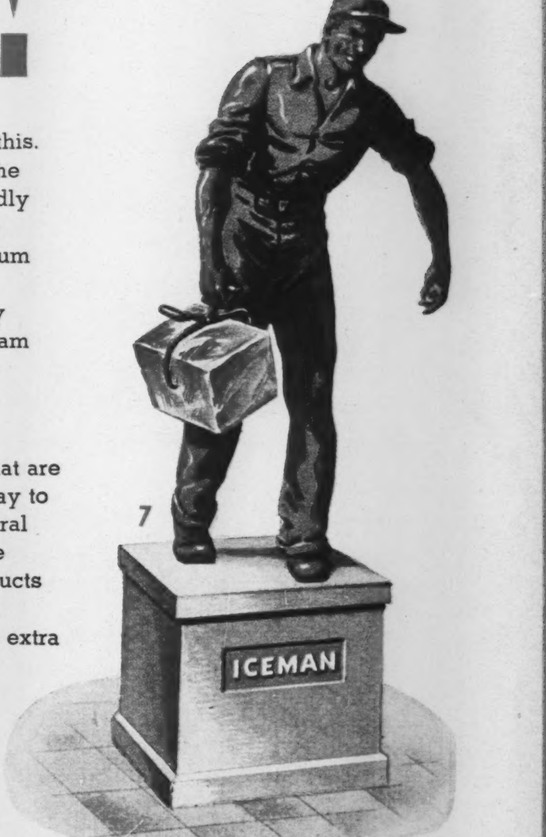
7



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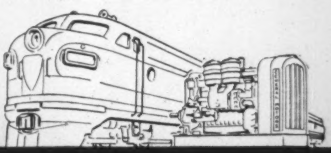
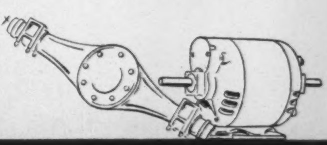
4. COAL SCUTTLE — for primitive stove, with huge appetite and doubtful heating value. Home owners now enjoy heat without hand feeding, thanks to automatic home-heating units of General Motors manufacture.

5. HAND WATER PUMP — once focal point of village life, subject of odes, bane of housewives. More a source of gossip than of water. Delco powered pumps helped usher in an era of running hot and cold water.

6. ENGINE CRANK—primitive, external and highly challenging form of starting. Inclined to be lethal in the hands of the weak or unsuspecting. Cadillac revolutionized auto industry with the electric starter—1911.

7. ICEMAN—onetime friend of horses, small children and sweltering housewives. Hardest to find in times of emergencies. Started on road to extinction with the birth of Frigidaire and the ice cube in 1919.





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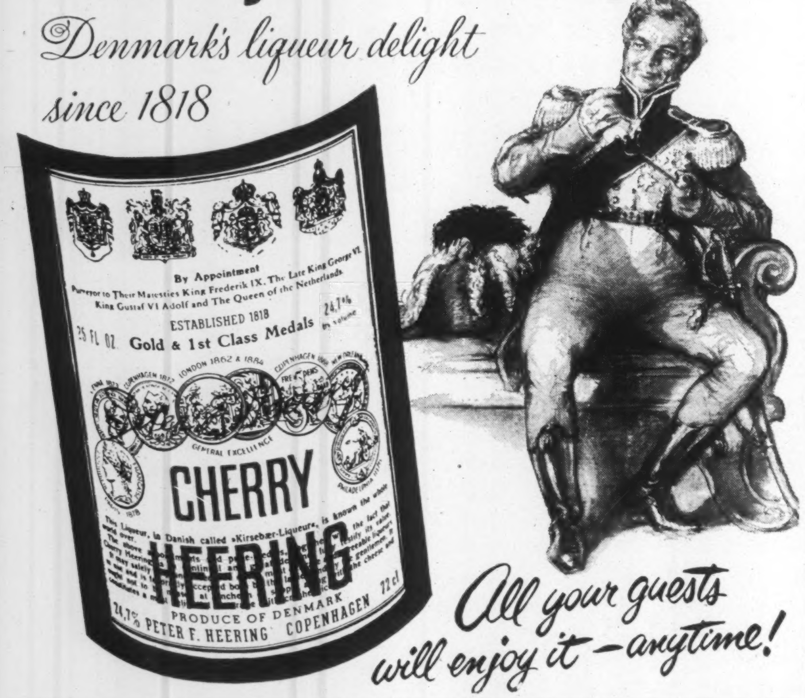
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Films

Our Lamentable Era

By Mary Lowrey Ross

A PRISONER OF WAR was preceded a week or two in advance by a short screen foreword, intensely delivered by Ronald Reagan, who plays the leading role. Star Reagan hinted rather ominously at the horrors we might expect from the coming production and emphasized at length the courage shown by his studio in turning out a record that everyone said could never be put on celluloid.

Well, the horrors are there, in plenty. The courage displayed by Mr. Reagan's studio, however, is open to question. It doesn't take courage of a very high order to gamble on a film whose dominant element is raw brutality. The risks here are low, since there is an undeniable appetite for the horrible in all of us. Otherwise we wouldn't rush so spontaneously to scenes of accident, or experience that faint familiar shock of disappointment when we find nobody has been hurt.

A great many people get hurt in *Prisoner of War*, whose story is based on the documented atrocities used in Korea to bend men's minds while afflicting their bodies. They are hurt horribly, ingeniously, lingeringly and in lavish detail. At the end of the film it is suggested that scenes of this type demonstrate the invincibility of the human spirit, but this explanation doesn't account for the relish the director brings to his grimmer illustrations. However pious *Prisoner of War* may be in intention, it is strangely vicious in approach.

Hatred seems to be the dominating emotion of our lamentable times. It is everywhere about us, waiting to settle and brood, and pictures like *Prisoner of War* offer it the handiest possible perch. It is hard to believe that such a film has any other intention. Apart from a sequence involving an undercover appendectomy and a sentimental episode having to do with a small dog, hatred is the single emotion evoked through the story. Even the dog-episode is employed as justification when one of the camp victims (Steve Forrest) falls on the Russian commander (Oscar Homolka) and kills him after some retaliatory torturing of his own. Since the dog was endearing and the commander diabolic, this piece of violence is presented as acceptable if not actually edifying.

In spite of the violence and horror, *Prisoner of War* is a deadly dull picture.

The Social Scene

Put This In Your Pipe

By Hugh Garner

Through observations over the years I have come to the regretful conclusion that pipe-smokers can be placed in seven general categories, with another one added during the past few months to take care of the scaredy-cats who have been frightened off cigarettes by the rumor that they *might* be a cause of lung cancer. The seven original classifications apply to all pipe-smokers, whether they fumigate a room through a calumet, hookah, meerschaum, briar, calabash, dudeen or corncob.

The first category embraces those escapees from puberty who can be generally designated as College Boys. Their pipe-smoking is a transient phase of their development which usually lasts until their twentieth birthday. The sporting of their first pipe almost always accompanies the growing of their first moustache.

The second category includes all unpublished authors, playwrights, composers, unsung songwriters and unhung painters. These unheeded geniuses smoke a pipe for reasons of economy, and because they think that a pipe adds an aura of omniscience and flair to those who have not as yet had a chance to prove their merit by their pencil or paint brush.

The third category includes the pundits, letters-to-the-editor writers, and frustrated External Affairs career men. This category is filled with ascetic characters wearing tweeds, the reason being that tweed is the only material outside of asbestos that protects the pipe-smoker from committing involuntary suttee.

In the fourth general category, along with Hi-Fidelity recording addicts and collectors of Canadiana, are the members of the shirt-sleeve school of the ministry. These stalwarts breathe fire and brimstone in their Sunday morning sermons and fire and Old Shag tobacco the rest of the week. They can be spotted at a glance by their easy laughter, their disdain of the clerical collar, and their propensity for turning a sod or burning a mortgage at the dropping of ash on a presbytery rug.

The fifth category includes young married suburbanites carrying third mortgages on their bungalows and liens on their '54 model automobiles. They smoke pipes because they can't afford tailor-made cigarettes, and they would sooner be found without their ever-present briefcase than be caught rolling their own cigarettes in public.

The sixth general division of pipe-smokers is by far the largest, although

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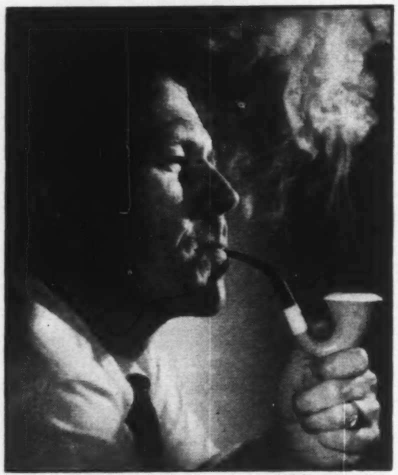
their numbers are being reduced daily as they are called away to their smokefilled, or smokeless, valhallas. The members of this group are elderly males who began smoking a pipe before cigarettes became popular, and have never seen any reason to change their smoking habits in later life. Their numbers cut across all social and economic strata, from the old pensioner sucking on the chewed-up stem of his two-bit cherry root in the local beer parlor to the bank president with his rack of Dunhills and a humidor the size of a washing machine on his desk.

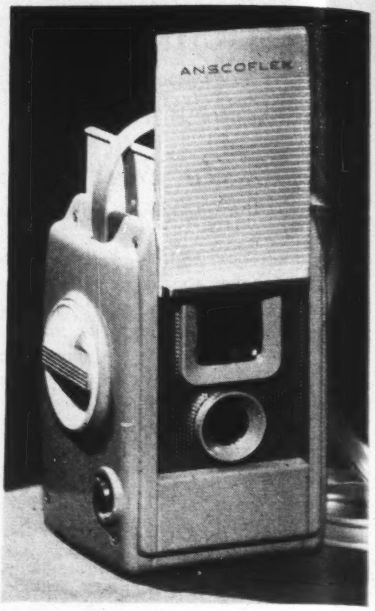
A dedicated pipe-smoker can be distinguished from the normal members of the population by such signs as burnt spots on his vest, an overloaded side pocket on his jacket that droops like a saddlebag, tobacco crumbs surrounding his chair like chaff on a threshing floor, and a top drawer in his desk filled with broken pipes, pipe-cleaners, a patented bowl-reamer or two, and empty tobacco tins that he saves with the fervor of a collector of Sèvres china.



Miller Services

One of seven categories

The seventh category of pipe-smokers is made up of the "I'm giving up cigarettes" brigade. This category is an ever-changing one, and consists of drunkards on the wagon, men who have lost their week's spending money at the races, guys paying for their wives' fur coats, fellows with an unexplained cough, and those who have been talked into buying a tweed suit. As a matter of fact I have belonged to this general category myself many times over the past few years. Just this morning I was cleaning out the top drawer of my desk and I came across a half-empty pouch of dried-up tobacco, my old literary briar, a bowl-reamer and some pipe-cleaners. I cleaned up my pipe and took a few tobaccoless puffs at it, merely as a dry run. I'm toying with the idea of buying a fresh pouch of tobacco and giving it another go. Stand well back, you cigarette sissies, and keep clear of the vents!



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Business

Experiment in Housing: Ottawa's Method

By GREGORY CONNOLLEY

A WOMAN who has had a public tiff with the Governor General and who set a precedent for Canadian mayors by appearing in an outlandish crimson robe and cocked hat, may yet achieve her greatest fame as one who pioneered in a highly successful low-rent housing scheme. Families in Ottawa, sitting in the comfort of their neat, red brick homes call blessings upon pint-sized, fiery Dr. Charlotte Whitton, CBE, who teamed up with an Ottawa baker to make an impressive dent on the Capital's serious housing shortage.

Well over a year ago, appalled by the lack of rental housing for moderate income families, Mayor Whitton determined something must be done and set about finding the personnel to handle the job. She picked Ottawa baker G. Cecil Morrison, a man of unfailing good cheer. Mr. Morrison had had some housing experience, having established homes for employees of his own firm.

Mr. Morrison's first step was to form the non-profit Lowren Housing Ltd., and to call in a number of local businessmen to act as directors.

From Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, Lowren Housing borrowed $459,360—98 per cent of the cost of the first 58-unit pilot project. The remaining funds were supplied by the city which bought up 10 per cent ($51,200) of Lowren stock. Mr. Morrison thereupon scoured the city until he located a 4½ acre tract of land. The cost worked out to $200 for each of the 58 units. The local improvement charges came to $500 per unit and these were paid to the city immediately.

By the terms of the agreement, the city took no interest on its Lowren stock and also agreed to a fixed taxation for five years. At the end of 40 years, however, when the CMHC loan has been repaid, the entire project, land and buildings, reverts to city ownership. According to Mayor Whitton's reckoning, the buildings will be razed in 40 years' time. The city will have received taxation for the four decades and will own a valuable piece of serviced land.

In the first Lowren project, the cost of each unit, including land and local improvements, came to $8,800. Built in attractive red brick rows of four and six, the units measure 21 feet by 24 feet and contain full basement, living-room, dining-room, kitchen on the ground, three bedrooms and bathroom upstairs. They rented for $55 per month. To qualify for one of the homes, a tenant's gross family income had to be under $3,500. Another stipulation was that there be at least two children in the family under 16 years of age.

The $55 monthly rent figure was broken down as follows: $31 for interest and amortization; $13.75 for taxes; $5 for repairs; $4.50 for administration and 75 cents for insurance.

The initial 58-unit pilot project was a failure to the extent that it was far too small. The response of families requiring such moderate rental housing was so overwhelming that Mayor Whitton and Mr. Morrison conferred again and another 100 units were started. They were to be completed early in May. Yet another project has since been started with a goal of 284 units to be completed by autumn. This latter development will have a novel feature in that 32 apartment units will be provided for "senior citizens" — elderly couples with small means. Inspired by all this, leading French Canadian citizens in Ottawa have started a parallel housing development for their compatriots.

Costs have gone up somewhat since the first Lowren project and rents in the more recent units have been increased to $58.

Despite the 450 units completed or underway, Mayor Whitton says Lowren is only beginning to make an impression on the shortage of moderate rental accommodation in Ottawa. She notes that 4,000 Ottawa families are living in substandard dwellings. For every Lowren unit now underway, nine applications are received.

The mayor has made it plain that in the establishment of Lowren Housing, her aim was to provide decent housing for people who wanted to help themselves and who wanted to pay their way. Lowren, the mayor emphasizes, is no welfare project. It is good business for Ottawa.

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EXTERIOR view of the Lowren housing units.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Anaconda Copper

ON YOUR *recommendations, a year ago, I purchased some shares in Anaconda Copper at a price of 30. As I now have a comfortable gain of 10 points on this stock, I am wondering whether I should continue to hold it for income or dispose of it and take my gain.—J.T.M., Toronto.*

From the pattern the action of the stock has traced across our chart, it appears that it is approaching a selling range. While earnings for copper producers have been better than were expected at the time of writing a year ago, it appears improbable that any earnings sufficient to warrant an increase in the present dividend rate will appear over the next few years.

The price of copper, while productive of profits to some producers, has served to direct the interest of industry towards the use of many substitutes for this metal. Aluminum is one metal that has made many inroads upon the traditional markets of copper and if the present price differential is prolonged, then we can assume that further inroads into copper's traditional markets will be made.

As the price of Anaconda is now approaching the 41-42 level where many shares were traded in 1952 to provide a large area of supply, it appears that it is time to take your capital gain and reinvest your capital in a more conservative situation such as a high grade preferred that will provide you an income of close to 5 per cent.

Algom / Gunnar

I HOLD *a considerable number of shares of Gunnar Mines. I am rather disappointed in the market action of these shares since the debenture issue was made and am wondering if I should switch my holdings into Algom Uranium Mines as a better vehicle for possible capital gains. Would you help me by making a comparison of the merits of these two companies and indicate what possible market action you can see from your charts?— C. G. M., London, Ont.*

The answer to your questions must of necessity be based upon a considerable amount of conjecture on our part; certain important data, such as tonnages of ore and ore grades, are subject to security regulations. The figures given for Gunnar are obtained from the prospectus issued for the Gunnar debentures and the figures given for Algom are derived from published statements, discussion with qualified mining engineers and our own interpretation of the information acquired.

Gunnar is now proceeding towards production with funds received from the sale of the $19.5 million debenture issue. Completion of the plant and mill is scheduled for September 1, 1955. According to the contract with Eldorado Mining and Refining Ltd. (the Crown company), it will sell to Eldorado $76,950,000 of uranium concentrates from a uranium deposit estimated to have a value in excess of $125 million.

Algom is in the process of developing properties, of lower grade but much greater tonnage than Gunnar in the Blind River area of Ontario, with Quirke Lake and Nordic Lake the two main properties. Published reports indicate that the Quirke Lake property has 6½ million tons, grading 2.2 pounds of uranium per ton and the Nordic Lake property has 5 million tons grading 2.6 pounds per ton. Unofficial reports indicate that this tonnage can be multiplied as much as ten by drilling now reported in ore at depths exceeding 5,000 feet.

What prices each company will receive are, of course, unknown, but the estimate of $10 per pound of U308 for Algom being based on the reported price being paid to Gunnar, seems possible. On this tentative basis, using a 2,500 ton per day operating rate for both Quirke and Nordic the comparison of six years' production would work out something like this:

Gunnar: Ultimate gross $125,000,000; capital expenditure, $19,500,000; operating costs per ton $14.40.

Algom: Ultimate gross, Quirke $118,800,000, Nordic $140,400,000, total $259,200,000; capital expenditure, $35,000,000; operating costs per ton, $12.40.

After this point figures are much more likely to be misleading than instructive. Several factors must be considered, the most important one being that all uranium contracts are scheduled to end in 1962. What the price and profit picture for uranium will be then is anyone's guess, but at the rate uranium is being discovered in the free world, it appears that the companies with the maximum operating rate will reap the greatest profit. If Gunnar is limited to this production contract, then the profit potential is well defined.

In contrast, the picture at Algom must be considered as extremely flexible. Both drilling and contract results are an open-end proposition with some engineers considering the tonnage estimate of Algom still low at 35 million tons.

If this is correct, then the profit potential of Algom is much greater, considering both the higher production rate and the cut-off date of 1962.

The production figures and possible costs per ton must be considered in the light that they are not derived from actual production experience. Gunnar must haul diesel fuel for power and all supplies for the mill from Edmonton to Waterways by rail and by water, or air, from there a distance of 555 miles. Algom's haul is shorter and more convenient.

It appears from this that, despite any difference in the grade of ore, a matter which possibly can be, or is adjusted in the contract prices arrived at with the Government, Algom is the better long and short bet on the simple theory that the producer with the lowest cost wins the market.

Finally, we arrive at the market potentials indicated by the chart patterns these two stocks have traced over the past several months.

Gunnar has shown a pattern of distribution, with each attempt to rise over the $10 mark being greeted by heavy selling. This selling has been reinforced by offerings from shareholders depressed by the clause in the debenture agreement which states that "the company will not declare or pay any dividends on its capital stock prior to January, 1957, and thereafter only if, after payment thereof the Company's net current assets will not be less than $6 million".

That this has served as an effective damper on the Gunnar shares is shown by the market action, which has seen the price waver in a narrow range around $9.00.

Algom, by comparison, has been one of the trading features on the Toronto board.

If we read our chart of Algom correctly, the next phase of action will be upward with a move through the high of $8.20, a signal for an advance that will carry the price of the stock to an objective of $9.75 and later to the possible objective of $11.75.

These points are perhaps too conservative, for while we find it hard to believe the chart indications, the technical possibilities of the price reaching 15-17 are too large to be ignored.

If uranium shares are the best suited for your speculative appetite, it is recommended that you switch from Gunnar to Algom. Cheaper stocks without adequate financing in this field are not recommended due to the great capital costs required to achieve production.

Chemical Research Corp.

MAY I *trouble you for an analysis of Chemical Research Corporation stock?—G.G.F., Detroit, Mich.*

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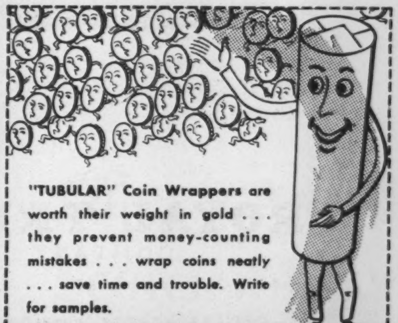

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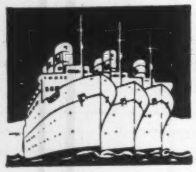

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patents covering the derivation from petroleum and gas sources of important chemical intermediates. These patents have become obsolete through technical improvements in petroleum refining. Chemical Research also controls Maule Industries, the largest supplier in Florida of quarry and concrete products and builders' supplies and the largest producer of certified concrete blocks in the United States.

Because of the increasing international importance of Canada's position as a future supplier of raw materials, the Company recently organized a Canadian subsidiary and has several properties in the Manitouwadge area north of Lake Superior in Ontario and in other parts of Canada. It has claims in the Pelly River section of the Yukon and nearly 1,000 acres of mineral rights in the Sudbury nickel area. Latest news says that summer exploration work in the Yukon and Algoma uranium areas is proceeding.

The Corporation recently entered a real estate deal in Florida which involved the purchase of 78,000 acres of land on the south-west coast of Florida. The property is to be developed into farms, fruit groves, ranches. townships, industrial, business, tourist and residential areas.

The Corporation has patented a process to chrome plate aluminum.

Chemical Research has 2,683,942 shares issued out of 3 million authorized. Net current assets at December 31, 1953, amounted to 1.38 per share, including their equity in Maule. The stock has had a steady rise from 1.65 to 2.70 in a couple of months or so. The price, at the time of writing, is around 2.68.

In view of the confused picture the company presents in such diverse activities as real estate in Florida and uranium mining in Northern Ontario, any estimate of its speculative possibilities would come under the heading of an outrageous guess. It is suggested that, if you hold this stock, you maintain a stop loss order close to the highs posted on the present forced advance.

In Brief

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Trans-Continental Resources. — L. H. P., Toronto.*

No buy.

COULD YOU *give me any information on Big Missouri Mining Corp.?—A. K., Quebec City.*

Apparently dormant.

WOULD YOU *advise as to Cariboo Gold Quartz shares? Is it worth holding or should one sell out?—S. J. S., Vancouver.*

Looks like a sale.

ARE SHARES *of Big Hundred Larder of any value?—T. S. M., Toronto.*

Just as wallpaper.

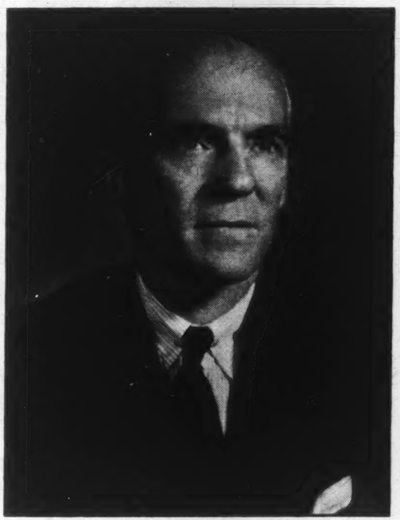
Who's Who in Business

No Fear of Tough Competition

By J. W. Bacque

ALTHOUGH the Montreal Locomotive Works has built nearly half—500—of the diesel locomotives in use in Canada today, President W. G. Miller, 49, is looking not only for a bigger share of the market, but for new products for his company to manufacture.

"Traditionally we have been locomotive manufacturers," he says, "and their production will probably always be a mainstay of our business. But we are putting a great deal of faith in multiple products to take advantage of the growth of other industries."



Ashley & Crippen

W. G. MILLER

The company has not always been in such a healthfully aggressive state. "We are, in a very real sense, only a few years old," the president says. "The company in its present form is the result of recapitalization in 1946, when we passed from a complete ownership by the American Locomotive Company to joint ownership by Canadian shareholders and Alco." Since 1946, there have been several changes in management; now, "Mr. Miller's honest and open manner has changed the atmosphere around here," one employee commented. "He led the way from a secretive, close-mouthed kind of management to one that is open and free. The change in spirit is a minor miracle."

Mr. Miller himself sees no miracle in his business policies. "Our aim has been to create a Canadian company, standing on its own feet and we've done it. That's better than absentee management, which can't have the feel for Canadian affairs and problems."

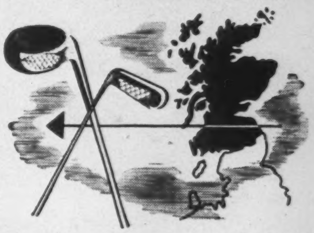
Educated as an engineer at Stevens Institute of Technology, New Jersey, Mr. Miller started as a student engineer at Stone and Webster of Boston in 1927. "A year later, a friend of mine asked me to join a small engineering organization he was in at Tulsa, Oklahoma. In spite of the risk, I went, because I felt there was more opportunity to advance with a small organization than with a large one." The company, Jackson Engineering, did so well that it, and Mr. Miller, were taken over by Alco in 1932. After eight promotions in eighteen years, and two years in France as a company chief engineer, Mr. Miller came to Montreal Locomotive Works in 1952 as executive vice-president. His election to the presidency came in 1954.

He likes to ride or ski in the Laurentians with his wife and two children, and he plays skilful golf (his handicap is 16).

The change-over of Canadian railways to the diesel engine is the single most interesting process in industry today for Mr. Miller. "If we parallel exactly the curve on U.S. roads, the dieselization of Canadian railways will be complete in 1968. But my own opinion, which is somewhat enthusiastic, is that the great economy of the diesel electric locomotive will noticeably accelerate the replacement rate in Canada."

Although he is not a big man, Mr. Miller's firm, confident bearing gives an impression of size and strength. His straightforward manner of talking about his business reinforces this impression; he feels that today's increasingly intense business competition will provide a special challenge for Montreal Locomotive Works, because, as he points out, "Heavy industries are unusually sensitive to economic cycles. We are generally regarded as people who, when times are good, ride the crest of the wave—and when times get tough, descend to the bottom, trying not to go under. According to theory, we are victims of peak and valley operation. But we do not intend to be helpless captives of that cycle. We produce excellent locomotives, and tough as the competition may be, it has no fears for us."

FROM SCOTLAND CAME GOLF



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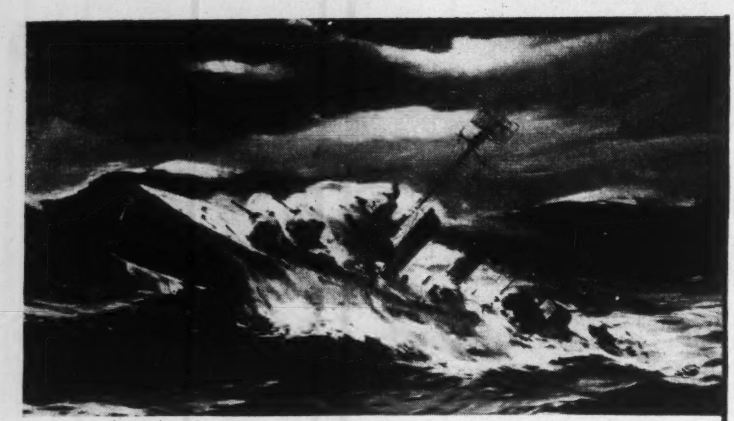

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a wide-eyed kid whose eyes are opened even wider!

Yes, all the people, the passions, the power of the book...the officer from Princeton and the crew with names like Horrible and Meatball . . . the hulk with only rust to keep the water out . . . the damning diary . . . the yellow stain on the sea . . . the stolen strawberries . . . the girl who sings torch-songs . . . the typhoon . . . the nightmare of the court-martial ...the agonizing moment of decision!

women

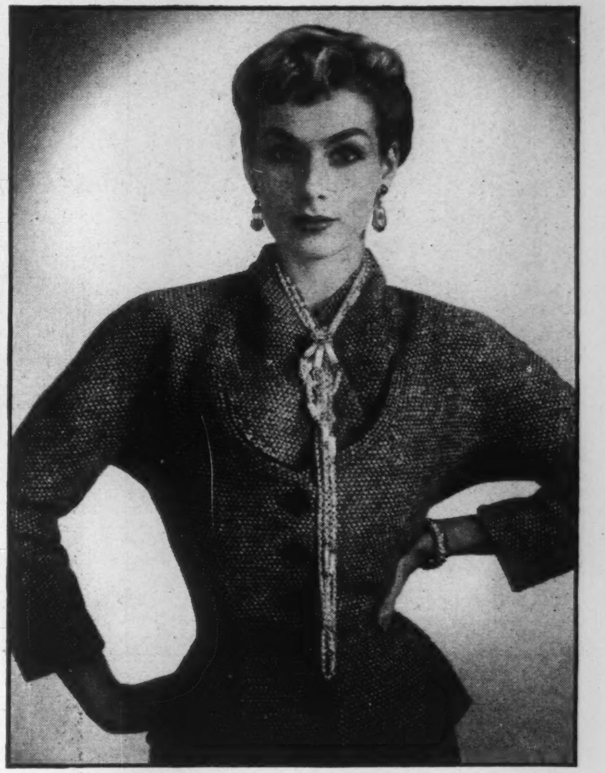
Conversation Pieces:

In case you are interested in how Ottawa lives on its feast-days, there's a new cook book entitled "From Ottawa Kitchens". The Capital, it seems, lives very well. The Honorable Brooke Claxton contributes two recipes, one for beefsteak and kidney pie, and the other a "Spaghetti Bolognissima". The beefsteak and kidney pie is a sturdy Anglo-Canadian dish which any good Canadian cook, from St. John to Victoria can take in her stride. Mr. Claxton's "Spaghetti Bolognissima" is a little more special, however—a spaghetti with meat-sauce on the cabinet level.
N.B. Spaghetti Bolognissima is for hostesses who use cooking sherry strictly as an ingredient and not as an emergency table wine.

Ottawa's Mayor Charlotte Whitton, who can face a calorie-count as dauntlessly as she does her own city council, offers a *Charlotte Russe* which involves heavy whipping cream, powdered sugar, sponge cake and almond macaroons. No sherry.

Mrs. George Drew's "Chestnut Mound" turns out to be an exotic artificial flower among desserts, and involves the use of boiled, riced chestnuts, brandy, curaçao, Kirsch, heavy cream, and, if possible, a cook with a green thumb. The recipes of the Ottawa cook book are closely detailed and don't allow for improvisations. Proceeds go to the Canadian Branch of the Save the Children Fund.

Fashion designers in their tireless search for novelty are always delighted when they can turn the humbler weaves and fabrics to account. Now they have hit on the "dishcloth weave", which they enlarge on, in description, as "snow-white wool threads floating on a black background". No relation, except in name, to the lowly article that is used to wash up after the guests have gone home—even Ottawa guests at the cabinet level.

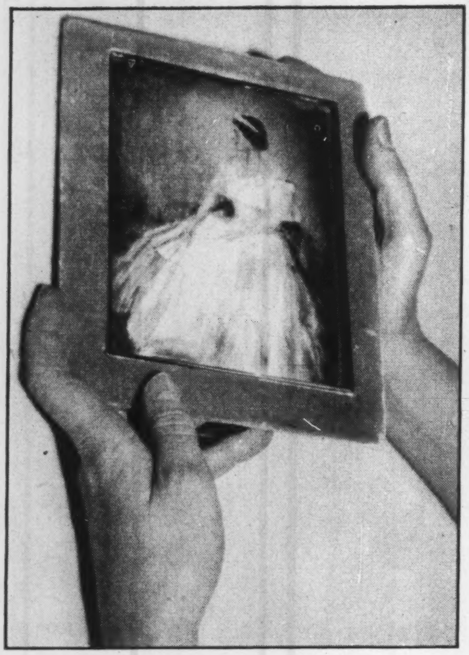


TWEEDS *take to jewellery this Fall: above, Trifari suggests two of its 60-inch "Country Club" golden ropes, worn knotted together, on this Pierre Balmain suit; left, the armful-of-bracelets look, using four "Tassels" in pseudo-gold, plain and also interspersed with balls. Trifari jewellery (New York) is obtainable at Birks in Canada.*

According to Dr. Milton B. Sapirstein, New York psychiatrist, the strain of decorating a home is one of the most dangerous of the domestic hazards. In fact, you would be wiser to step off the ladder backwards than to attempt to cope with the interior of your new trend bungalow. It's easier to deal with a broken leg than with a split personality. Among the hazards listed are: The emergence of old sexual repressions when the decorator has to wrestle with problems of line and curve; financial worries; arguments with paranoid workmen who look on all women as their enemies; conflicts with a husband who refuses to show any interest in the undertaking; conflicts with a husband who wants to take a hand, etc. etc. Probably we'd better rub along with the old living-room drapes for another year.

We extend our sympathy to the chilly cottager who attempted to try out her coal-oil heater by sitting on it. She reports that she has since been treating a first degree burn which reads "Perfection" printed in reverse.

We like the story of the lady who, under pressure from her hairdresser, invested in a year's supply of henna rinse; then, under pressure from her husband, reverted to her original coloring. Since she is a thrifty soul, she used the henna rinse on the dining-room curtains, which emerged looking years younger. The lady is now mouse-colored and contented, the husband is reassured, and the dining-room looks wonderful.



Montreal Miniaturist

JULIETTE DE LAVOYE *of Montreal is the first Canadian to be elected an Associate Member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters. Two of her portraits on ivory are in the permanent collection of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. Above is one of her miniatures of the Queen. At right, she is shown at work; below, in her home.*

Photographs: Gerald Campbell of Ashley & Crippen

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

THE EASIEST WAY to classify echo mates is by dealing with the pieces giving the mates, together with the nature of the mates and all the other pieces directly involved at finality.

Many ingenious devices enter into the achievement of echo mates, especially in the matter of getting equal length variations. Here is an example by W. Pauly:

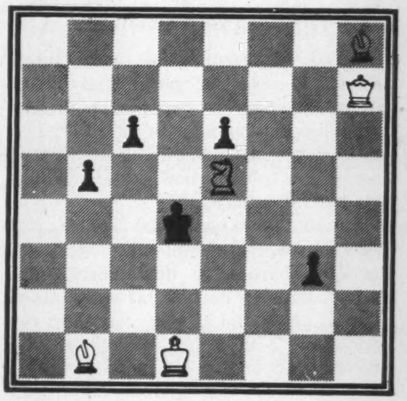
White: K on Q1; R on KB4; Ps on QR4, Q2 and KKt4. Black: K on Q6; Ps on QR2 and KKt2. Mate in six.

1.P-R5!, P-Kt4; 2.R-Kt4, P-R3; 3.K-K1, K-B7; 4.K-K2, K-B8; 5.K-Q3, etc. 1.P-R5, P-R3; 2.P-Kt5, P-Kt3; 3.K-B1, K-K7; 4.K-B2, K-K8; 5.K-Q3, etc.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 77.

1.P-R4, threat; 2.KKt-K5 mate. If Q-Kt4ch; 2.KtxQ mate. If B-Kt4ch; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If Q-Q3ch or Q-K4ch; 2.KKtxQ mate. If BxR; 2.QKt-K5 mate. If Q-R6ch or QxKtP; 2.Kt-Q6 mate. If K any; 2.KKt-K5 mate.

PROBLEM No. 78, by F. Dedrle.



White mates in three.

Called in Question

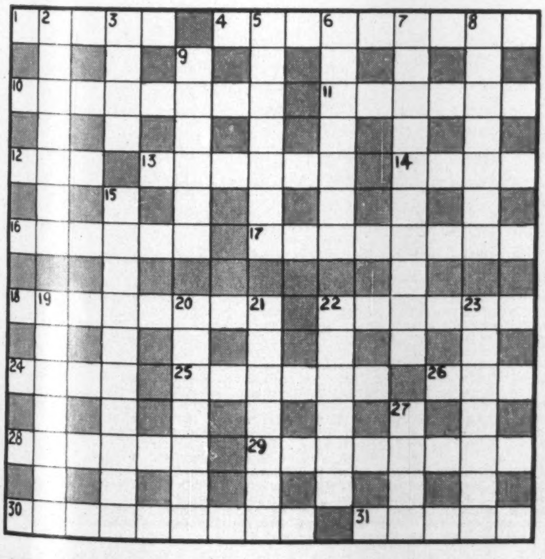
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. She's a little catty, no doubt. (5)
4. See 23.
10. Shakespeare's recent one of our Stratford, shows the Avon is in a state of flux. (8)
11. Polish again? (6)
12. The tide in the affairs of Stevenson. (3)
13. The age of Plato, Michelangelo and Hirohito? (6)
14. 7, 7, 7, but not to extremes. (4)
16. Reigned in France 1793-4. (6)
17. A Biblical one of these has produced many operatic ones. (8)
18. Are they, because the judge said "Shut up!" (8)
22. Wild cats take it back under the shingles. (6)
24. Stop support. (4)
25. Make it orange, you ass! (6)
26. Does one spot him in the air? (3)
28. So a red union took wing! (6)
29. Where one may find a change of rental. (8)
30. See 9.
31. It makes room for the pursuit of knowledge. (5)

DOWN

2. Base American soldier returns to peer, perhaps. (7)
3. That's right! (4)
5. The author of "Loch Lomond" was, and still is. (7)
6. How poets wax? (7)
7. When under board it's on board, as it were. (10)
8. Refers deceptively to an aspirate. (7)
9, 30. To locate him, pressmen tried it in a different way. (6,9)
15. Serious measures, but not for the quick. (10)
19. Of course the tea will, when the pot is broken inside. (7)
20. Stuffed bird sounds dead at last. (7)
21. It's not a changed place although one changes at it, son. (7)
22. Their calling doesn't appear to be a woman's. (6)
23, 4. Does one crow and bellow in the telling of it? (4,3,4,5)
27. Worrying kind of work? (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Quick march
6. Saps
10. Antenna
11. Written
12. Kingfishers
13. Sue
14. Drilling
15. Apse
19. Sins
20. Pell-mell
24. Cod
26. Washerwoman
27. Breadth
28. Strange
29. Yard
30. Raised Cain

DOWN

1. Quacked
2. Intention
3. Kinsfolk
4. Amassing
5. Cowled
7. Altos
8. Sincere
9. Kiosk
16. Pneumonia
17. Reverses
18. Glowered
19. Sick Bay
21. Lantern
22. Swede
23. Asthma
25. Drear

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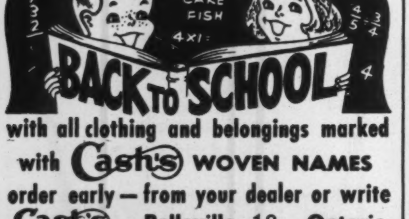

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Letters

The Big Lie

MESSRS. Anderson and May throw around the word "lie" pretty freely in the last of the series of articles on Senator McCarthy in your issue of July 31. Is it not possible that the real "big lie" in this case is the oft-repeated accusation that McCarthy is a liar?

In the above-mentioned article, the statement appears: "Still other McCarthy lies are impossible to doublecheck, such as Joe's unlikely story of his conversation with . . . Forrestal." How ridiculous can McCarthy's critics get? In this instance they call him a liar, and then admit that what he is supposed to have said is only "unlikely", although it still might have been true.

Ottawa VICTOR MURRAY

Foreign Names

ROBERTSON DAVIES, in his review of *Oedipus Rex,* asks why the name 'Creon' was pronounced 'Crayon' . . . I would say that this rule should hold: Use English sounds for a foreign name when it forms part of an English sentence; but use those English sounds which are closest to the original sounds. Julius Caesar should be called 'Yoolyus Kyzer', and 'Crayon' is our closest pronunciation for Creon. Our ignorant ancestors thought otherwise; we need not follow their bad example. In Canada especially, where there are populations drawn from all over the globe, we should avoid the insular and insolent contempt for general world usages which has long disfigured English-speaking culture.

Salmon Arm, BC. KEN JOHNSON

Ukrainian Struggle

I WAS very much impressed by Mr. Rachmanny's article, "The Kremlin Woos the Ukrainians" (SN, July 10).

In his brief and concise exposition of the Kremlin's present gestures toward the Ukraine, Mr. Rachmanny goes down to the root of the problem: the struggle for the soul of the Ukrainians has begun, and the Russians have employed practically
every available weapon they have (U
seat, flag, anthem, 330th celebration
unity, and transfer of Crimea, only
mention a few) and now the question su
gests itself: what is the West doing to w
this struggle? . . . Is it not true that t
West has remained "too tactful" until t
very present day? I dare not call this a
peasement, but as a student of internatio
al relations I can hardly find other e
planation for it.

New York, NY. STEPHEN D. OLYN

The Duke's Visit

MAY I congratulate SATURDAY NIGHT
the excellence of your editorial on t
Duke of Edinburgh? How fortunate t
Queen is to have as her consort a man
"inquiring and incisive mind" and to ha
those qualities recognized while he
young and active, and not after his deat
as was the case with Queen Victoria's co
sort. Canada should be proud to welcom
this young man, a noble exemplar of *me*
sana in corpore sano.

Victoria L. R. KIMBAL

THE Duke of Edinburgh receives far to
much publicity. After all, what is he b
a young naval officer who happened t
catch the fancy of a princess? Now th
he is the consort of a Queen he ought t
remain in the background. Yet you giv
him more space than you gave the Quee
at her coronation. Surely SATURDAY NIGH
does not need to pander to the section o
the public which makes an idol of an
personable male.

Toronto J. D. PICKNOL

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